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WHOLE NUMBER 342.

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ORAB ORCHARD, KY.

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First-class School for Young Ladies, will be Commenced Monday, August 6th, 1878.

Mrs. F. H. Tarrant, Principal, and Teacher of French, Higher Mathematics and Elocution.

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Miss Fannie Parier, Assistant Teacher. Miss Floris W. West, Primary.

Board and Tuition in Literary, \$15 per Month; Tuition in Music \$5 per Month; Oil Painting, \$5 per Month.

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STANFORD SEMINARY

Prof. BARNES. Prof. JENNINGS.

The next session of this institution will begin

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 2, 1878.

And continue forty weeks, with a vacation of one week at Christmas.

The former Principal will continue in charge, but has been succeeded by Miss F. H. Tarrant, of Stanford Female College, who will have special charge of classes in the Ancient and Modern Languages.

TERMS:

PER SESSION OF TWENTY WEEKS.

1st Grade, \$15; 2nd Grade, \$20;

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TAKE NOTICE.

1st. No pupils received who are in arrears for previous session.

2nd. All bills due at the end of two months after matriculation.

3rd. All pupils charged from time of entry until the end of that session.

4th. No deductions for absence except in cases of protracted sickness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARBER SHOP!

H. P. Montgomery, Proprietor.

Offers his professional services to the public.

HAIRCUTTING, HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, SHAMPOOING & DYEING.

Done in the best and most fashionable style. Shop under the St. Asaph Hotel.

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[Successors to Wheat & Cheney.]

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Agents for Franklin Cotton Mills.

No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh.

Opposite Louisville Hotel.

[1878-79] LOUISVILLE, KY.

Night.

[The following bright and touching little poem, by a young lady of Buffalo, was published in the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine.]

Right come down over all the earth,
And touch the third day,
And clasp her tightly in her arms,
And bore her far away.The moon like some rare light-house beacon,
Far up in the Milky Way,
The gleaming stars, like tiny sparks,
At anchor round her lay.And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark curl,
The river wound through trees and brakes,
A gleaming band of pearl.I heard the soft low dip of oars,
Like a weary, slow heart-throb;
And the wavelets lapped the bow of the boat,
A low half-hushed sob.And on that night, so long ago,
A vision wondrous sweet
Came to me in its fullest joy,
So perfect and complete.Oh, golden dream! why did I wake
To find it past and gone?
The dream was like a glorious day,
The waking, cold grey dawn."Twere better that I had died
Believing it were true,
"Twere better for to sleep for aye
Bosom's thrush so blue,
Than live when each long weary day
Seems longer than before;
When life is but a constant pain—
A wound unhealed and sore.The river still flows murmuring on;
The stars are just as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night.The same? Yes, I dare say changed.
Oh, God! each weary day
I wish that I had died the night
The vision passed away.

TUNNEL CITY.

Its many advantages for business of all kinds.

Tunnel City, incorporated by an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, approved March 20th, 1878, located in Lincoln county, on the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, is the only incorporated town on said line of railway between Danville and Somerset, being equally distant from each—about 22 miles. Though considered in a mountain section, the country adjoining is very fertile, and lies as favorable for cultivation as most of the far-famed blue-grass lands. The seasons have been unexceptionally favorable to the growth of crops—neither too dry nor too wet. In point of health it can not be excelled by any place in the United States, as there has not been a death from sickness within the last two years, to my certain knowledge, except one instance of a very old and poverty-stricken man.

The population of our town on the 1st of September, 1878, was about 160 souls, consisting of 84 males and 76 females; voters, 50; children within the school age, 40. The following are represented here: Three merchants, two bar-rooms, three houses of private entertainment, one minister of the Gospel, three carpenters, one wagon-maker, one blacksmith, two shoe-makers, one cooper shop, one tan yard, one lath and corn mill, four steam circular saw mills, with an aggregate capacity to furnish 16 to 18 thousand feet of lumber per day; Post-office, Express Office and R. R. Depot. Extraordinary inducements will be offered for the building up of the following needed enterprises:

1st. A first-class wheat and corn mill. The nearest flouring mill at present is 15 miles distant at Stanford, giving a mill at this place the advantage in distance over a score of country-extending from 7 to 10 miles in all directions, with ready access to all the world by facilities afforded by the C. S. R. R., with the best of water and land in abundance.

2d. A good Hotel at this place would pay a handsome per cent on the capital invested.

3rd. An academy of learning for young ladies and young men, or either. Being easily accessible by means of the railroad, its extraordinary healthy location makes it one of the most desirable points for moulding both the minds and constitutions of the young that can be found anywhere.

4th. Manufacturers of all kinds of agricultural implements, for the supply of which there is an abundance of fine timber, very cheap.

5th. Among the professions we want a well educated physician—not so much for his physic as for his influence, socially and morally, in consideration of which we will agree to sustain him. We want, also, an industrious, studious young lawyer, to take charge of the legal interests of our town and citizens, which position would furnish him a liberal support.

Parties wanting locations for any of the above, or other honorable and useful enterprises, will do well to call on or address the Chairman of the Board of Trustees before locating elsewhere. As we are desirous to have our town built up with good, useful citizens, we have determined to leave nothing undone in order to make this a pleasant abode for all our citizens and a town that this grand old Commonwealth may be proud of.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Trustees—Sam'l Gary, Ch'm'n., E. R. Davis, Clerk, J. Penabaker, S. A. Comer, B. F. Sloan. Police Judge—Hon. G. B. Durham. Marshal—S. F. Reynolds.

No one can long abuse health without suffering generally with blood diseases. Keep the blood pure by using Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

Wit in Court.

Keen and cutting words, or even trifling incivilities, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have some times met with swift retribution. Plunkett was once engaged in a case, when toward the end of the afternoon it became a question whether the Court should proceed or adjourn till next day. Plunkett expressed his willingness to go on if the jury would "set."

"Sit, sir, sit," said the presiding Judge, "not 'set'; hens set."

"I thank you, my Lord," said Plunkett.

The case proceeded, and presently the Judge had occasion to observe that if that were the case he feared the action would not "lay."

"Lie, my lord, lie," exclaimed the barrister, "not lay; hens lay."

"If you don't stop your coughing, sir," said a hasty and irritable Judge, "I'll fine you a hundred pounds."

"I'll give your lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready reply.

Curran was once addressing a jury, when the Judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to this client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of the head. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think this intimation a difference of opinion, but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it."

On another occasion Curran was pleading before Fitzgibbon, the Irish Chancellor, with whom he was on terms of any thing but friendship. The Chancellor, with the distinct purpose, as it would seem, of insulting the advocate, brought with him on the bench a large Newfoundland dog, to which he devoted a great deal of his attention while Curran was addressing a very elaborate argument to him. At a very material point in the speech the Judge turned quite away, and seemed to be wholly engrossed with his dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said the Chancellor. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord," said the witty barrister, "I really was under the impression that your lordships were in consultation."

But perhaps, the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which this same advocate hurled at Judge Robinson.

Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least, it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favor of the Government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility. At the time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this Judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and searching eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury.

Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established.

"This may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the Judge, "but I suspect your law library is rather limited."

Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retort:

"It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous; but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I should stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever come to be so many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

"Mother, mother, here's Freddy teasing the baby. Make him cry again, Freddy, and then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him; and then he'll squall and then mother will give him some more; and you can take that, and then we'll both have some."

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Afternoon Men.

There is a proverb which says, "What can be done at any time is never done," and applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, the habitual postponing of every thing that they are not compelled by necessity to do immediately. Now delays are not only damaging to present prospects, but they are destructive of ultimate success. A dilatory man is not to be depended upon. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an employee, the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may properly be called afternoon men. They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk around, carefully inspect their duties, and then say:

"Plenty to do to-day. I must go to work this afternoon!"

About three o'clock they survey what they haven't done, and exclaim:

"One thing and another has prevented me from making any headway to-day. I'll quit, and begin bright and early to-morrow morning."

One day with them is simply the reflection of another. There is nothing accomplished in a whole life; and their western sun overtakes them, and finds no preparation for the wants and infirmities of age. There is nothing to look back upon but squandered time. One hour's exercise in the morning loosens the muscles of the limbs, sets the blood dancing in the veins, and fits a man physically and mentally for the day's activity; while one hour's sloth after breakfast produces a torpor from which it is almost impossible to rally.

A New Moore.

A fat citizen, having in view the purchase of a new coal stove, was yesterday standing in front of a hardware store, when a newsboy halted and respectfully said:

"I s'pose you've seen the new stove—the one that beats 'em all."

"I don't know that I have," was the calm reply.

"You order see it, sir. They are allus talkin' 'bout these coal stoves which save ten per cent. of fuel, and now they've got one."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes, I saw this one gain the other day, hot 'nuff to take an ox, and it didn't burn any coal at all—not even a pound."

"Is that possible? Why, I never heard of such a thing! Didn't burn any coal at all?"

"Not an ounce, and it was throwing out an awful heat."

"Well, that beats me. I don't see how they got the heat."

"They burned wood, sir!" was the humble reply.

The man tried to coax the boy within reach, but the lad had to go to the post-office. [Detroit Press Press.]

There are some queer absurdities in the postal laws of this country, and a man with a keen sense of the incongruous wrote to the Post-office Department the other day, directing attention to a few of them. He called attention to the fact—which every body knew, but which nobody had ever viewed in exactly the same light in which he placed it—that an expert penman can write several hundred words on a postal card and send it to California for one cent. Yet, if he pastes one word of printed matter on it, the postage is increased to six cents. He can print the same word or a thousand words (if he can) like it upon the card itself, and it will be carried for one cent. Then he can paste the card all over with printed matter, put it into an envelope, address the envelope, and it will go for one cent. The card and envelope will go for five cents less than the postage on the card alone. He points out other incongruities almost as striking as this. [N. Y. Graphic.]

About these times the farmer takes a walk of a pleasant Sunday afternoon to get points on weather indications for the coming winter. If he finds the muskrat-houses unusually thick and strong, the fish collecting in the deepest water, the squirrels thick in his sugar-bush, and covered with an especially healthy coating of fur, he shrugs his shoulders and takes a look at the family wood-pile. The season is sure to be a cold one. All these signs are reported to be strongly marked this year. Residents on the edge of the great Adirondack wilderness note an additional one that bears and all kinds of small game are coming to the edge of the woods. In very severe winters they subsist with difficulty, and invariably seek the clearings in advance of the cold.

A Canadian clergyman lately sued a young man whom he had married for his wedding fee, which he stated at \$15. The jury found for the defendant on the ground that he had received no appreciable value.

Discovery of Galvanism.

This extraordinary agent, from its effects on animals, was originally called animal electricity. It received its name from Professor Galvani, of Bologna, to whom we are indebted for this discovery, in which, however, as in many others, accident had no small share. His wife, who was in a declining state of health, was using a soup made of frogs, as a restorative. Some of the animals being skinned for the purpose, were lying on a table in the laboratory, when one of his assistants chanced to touch with a scalpel the crural nerve of a frog that lay near an electric conductor, upon which the muscles of the limb were strongly convulsed. This effect was noticed by a lady, a woman of superior understanding and science, and communicated it to her husband. He repeated the experiment, which he varied in every possible way, first with artificial and then with atmospheric electricity. In the course of his experiments with the latter, he suspended some frogs by metallic hooks from the palisades, and observed that the muscles were frequently and involuntarily contracted, when no electricity appeared in the atmosphere. Having fully considered the phenomenon, he found that it had no connection with the change in the state of the electricity in the atmosphere; but might be produced at pleasure by applying two pieces of metal to different parts of the animal and bringing them into contact.

The wife of a Seventh-street man is troubled with wakefulness, and frequently lies awake for two or three hours after going to bed. Her husband told her the other night that if she would just imagine a flock of sheep going through a narrow gate and count them in her mind she would soon fall asleep. When he woke up he did not know how long he had been asleep, but he did know that his wife had reached out to the washstand near the bed, got the soap dish, and smashed him on the nose with it. Mildly and quietly he asked her in as few words as possible what in the name of several things, she meant, any how.

"Why," said she, "I was counting them sheep as fast as I could, and I must have gone to sleep, for I thought one old black ram got in the gate and would not let the others pass through, and I had just picked up a rock and tried to break his head when you woke me up."

"Picked up a rock and broke his head, nothing, but you picked up that soap dish and smashed my nose," and then the chamber went into executive session.

She uses opiates now instead of sheep.

A Vicksburg lady when the plague broke out went to Indianapolis. She had a son thirteen years of age, in Dubuque, Iowa, who hearing of her departure, was seized with an intense desire to see her. The friends with whom he lived decided at last that it was not best that he should go, and his disappointment grew more bitter every day. Finally he resolved to see his mother, cost what it might, and, putting on the shabbiest suit of clothes he had, taking no baggage and no money, he started to make the journey on foot. He begged his food at farmhouses, slept in barns, and caught a ride in a farmer's wagon now and then. In ten days he made the 265 miles, and, having before been in Indianapolis, found the house of his uncle in which his mother was, without help from any one. There was joy unspeakable at the meeting. He told his mother he had put on ragged clothes because he thought people would then believe he was a tramp and would help him; while, had he been well-dressed, he might have been taken for an impostor.

Queen Victoria has received some Cyprus wine 300 years old. If we could get hold of a pint of that we have a suspicion that we might lie down to pleasant dreams. Oh, that we might! and, awakening, find that Old Bull had given his last farewell concert, that Bob Fingers had been taken into the church, that Eli Perkins had paddled across the beautiful river, that Gail Hamilton was married, and the happy mother of seven children, and that grace, mercy and peace were the passwords throughout the land. Selah! [Boston Post.]

Mr. C. D. Sanders, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, is a tall, straight, robust man, between fifty and sixty. He has not slept for fifteen years; he feels tired sometimes, but is never sleepy, though he has tried working continuously for ten or eleven days and nights. Heavy opiates have no effect upon him. At night he goes to bed, "so as to be out of the way," and lies there and thinks, but does not sleep.

One Way to get Married.

Judge Richardson doesn't pretend to be a person, and therefore isn't as well up in the marriage ceremony as the slimy supporters of a decaying hierarchy are. The young couple stood up before him the other evening, and the Judge inquired in a cross-questioning tone of the groom:

"Are you a citizen of the United States?"

The groom took hold of the waistband of his trousers and tugged, saying:

"I voted for Tilden, Judge."

"Why, James!" faintly exclaimed the blushing creature by his side.

"It's a fact, Emmer," protested James, rather indignantly, and glaring at the Judge.

His Honor coughed and demanded severely:

"Do you, sir, as a citizen of Nevada and a lawful voter of Reno, solemnly declare that you will forsake all other evils and cleave to this one?"

"I've money to bet on it," responded the groom, growing pale, but placing his arm around the waist of the shrinking bride.

"Then," cried the Judge, bringing his fist down on the desk, "God has joined you together and— the man that puts you asunder. The fee is just what you like to give, young fellow."

It was pretty liberal, and the Court set them up and kissed the new wife several times besides. [Reno Gazette.]

It is a little singular that the miseries of people already bound together by the marriage halter should have no influence in checking the tide of courtship and wedlock. In a New York daily which records a duel, two murder trials, and a suicide, all resultant from matrimonial infelicities, the touching lovers' column goes on more fluent than ever. Hendrickson, the old hunter who said to his boon companions a few hours before he shot himself that a "tippler" would never commit suicide; went home, cursed his wife and step-son, shot and slightly wounded his wife and two neighbors, and when he had cleared the house, finished up by shooting himself. He was found that evening by the grocer, who came to deliver a bag of meal, stretched out, quite dead. Domestic discord had long held sway in the Hendrickson household. They lived one mile from Babylon, Long Island. Hendrickson's employment was duck-shooting, their home belonging to his wife.

Of the 800 persons suddenly submerged in the river Thames by the Princess Alice disaster, scarcely a dozen saved their lives by swimming. The reason is that at that place the river is little better than a mass of sewage. It regularly carries away the liquid refuse of the city of London, and at the instant of the collision there was being poured into it near the fatal spot the contents of two great cess-pools. The immediate effect of immersing a person in sewage, say the chemists, is asphyxia; and the 800 excursionists must have become numb and incapable of any effort. The bodies when recovered had undergone strange changes. Identification was difficult. Clothing had changed color, and decomposition had been swift. Every thing pointed to the action of some powerful chemical substance.

REASONABLE ETIQUETTE.—A gentleman must always offer a lady his right arm to take her down to dinner. The reason is that a gentleman must invariably give the lady the place of honor, which is the right hand, and the only occasion in which a lady stands on the gentleman's left is during the marriage service, when the inferior position indicates submission and obedience. Though a gentleman must always give his right arm, it is admissible to change at the head of the stairs, so as to place the lady next to the wall.

On a railroad line, recently, a passenger stopped the conductor and asked, "Why does not the train run faster?" "It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get off and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the passenger, settling back in his seat, "but my friends wouldn't come for me until the train comes in, and I don't want to be waiting round the station two or three hours."

A Georgian returned to his home after an absence of two weeks. His eight-year old son loudly welcomed him. "Is every body well, Willie?" the father asked. "The weldest kind," the boy replied. "And nothing has happened?" "Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's all right, and I never saw ma behave as well as she has this time!"

It is said that mosquitoes are bred upon the waters. In that case they will return again before many days.

A Mother's Influence.

Many a poor mother in an humble cot, with no money or position, has struggled hard to feed and clothe her little ones, to train them to be an honor to their country and a blessing to the world. Most of our useful prominent men came from such homes. Our churchyards are full of such pleading mothers whose hands are wearily folded on their breasts. No worldly eye saw the record of their lives, only God and the angels. No tall monument and high sounding epitaphs mark their resting places. What a responsibility rests upon the mothers of this country. Life is too short to be spent in accumulating things of this world that must perish. The children do not stay with us long enough to permit us to waste our hours in the pursuit of fashion and gayety. What we sow now we shall reap in joy. God give to all mothers grace and strength to fulfill their duties aright, that their influence for good may be felt from generation to generation.

To Determine the Weight of Live Cattle.

Measure in inches the girth around the breast just behind the shoulder blade, and the length of the back from the tail to the forepart of the shoulder blade. Multiply the length of the girth (in inches) divide by 144. If the girth is less than three feet, multiply the quotient by 11; if between three and five feet, multiply by 27; if between 5 and 7 feet, multiply by 23; if between 7 and 9 feet, multiply by 31. If the animal is lean deduct one-twentieth of the result. Another rule is, take the girth and length in feet and multiply the product by 336, and the result will be the answer in pounds. [Drovers Journal.]

Dogs kill \$1,000,000 worth of sheep annually, it is estimated, in the United States. Noticing that the canines invariably attack the necks of sheep in order to sever the arteries and drink the blood, a South Carolina inventor has contrived a collar with sharp, projecting points which effectually protect the sheep from his enemy. By means of a suitable crook the sheep may be readily caught by the collar, thus avoiding the tearing of the skin and injury to the sheep, which frequently results when sheep are caught by the wool.

An exchange says camphor will drive mosquitoes out of a room. And so it will, but you must first catch the mosquitoes, choke 'em until they are black in the face, and then cram a lump of camphor down their throats. This remedy is more trouble but less expensive than burning down your house to get rid of the pests. [Norristown Herald.]

Children sometimes preach effective sermons without knowing it. Little Freddie was talking to his grandpa, who was something of a skeptic; "Grandpa, do you belong to the Presbyterian Church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any Church?" "No." "Well, grandpa, don't you think it's about time to get in somewhere?"

A HAPPY REJOINDER.—A skeptic who was badgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass finally said, "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass!"

A traveling fortress, an "iron-clad" coach, is now running on the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage-route. It is made of thick boiler iron, with four port-holes, is bullet-proof, carries two well armed guards inside, and runs for the sole purpose of transporting bullion for the California quartz-mills.

A colored preacher in Norwich a short while ago gave out the following announcement: "Bruders and sisters, next Sunday, the Lord willing, there will be baptizin' in dis place, de candidates for baptism bein' four adults and three adulteresses."

A returned pleasure-seeker states that guests at New Jersey hotels are not permitted to smash mosquitoes upon the walls, but must get 'em down upon the floor and chuck 'em to death, and then ring for the porter to draw off the corpse. [Ex.]

Eight masked robbers stopped a railroad train in the West the other day. As the train contained an excursion party of editors, the only loss was a loss of time to the robbers. [Norristown Herald.]

The man's an ignorant, or, lower yet, a scoundrel. Who writes for information, And sends no postage stamp.

[Curtain Journal.]

CANDIDATES.

FAYETTE HEWITT.

STANFORD, KY.,

Friday Morning, October 4, 1878.

W. F. Walton, Editor.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,

PHIL B. THOMPSON, JR.,
OF HARRISBURG.

The Republicans held a meeting in Danville last Monday, and Hon. W. O. Bradley having refused positively to make the race for Congress, they had to lay their heads together and make another nomination. It was found out that George Denny, Sr., of Garrard, had signified his willingness to become the standard bearer, and on him they unanimously agreed. Mr. Denny is spoken of as a man of fair ability, but with no pretensions as a public speaker. Years ago, when Garrard and Madison were in the same Senatorial District, and when there were more Republicans than now, he represented them in the Legislature. He did not make a State reputation while there nor has he since figured significantly in politics to make himself known even over this Congressional District. His main qualification seems to be his money, of which, it is said, he is willing to spend whole barrels full to secure his election. We have no objections to his dividing his goods among the poor floaters, but it will be his labor lost, for after the election next month he will feel worse than Horace Greely, who is said to have died from disappointment, ever thought of feeling. The Republicans lost their best showing when Mr. Bradley refused to run, and they will regret before this campaign is over that they didn't furnish him with the means on which to make the race.

They have incarcerated in New York a man whom 14 women claim as husband. The women range in age from 25 to 45 years, and the bigamist in selecting them showed no decided taste, but seems to have taken them as they came—blondes, brunettes, lean or fat. Out of the fourteen innocents he succeeded in getting \$20,000, and he would no doubt be marrying to-day but for the fact that he is serving out a sentence of eight years at hard labor. Nine of the victims were present when the Judge passed sentence. After he again becomes free whose husband will be he, for the fourteen have had him in that capacity?

THOS. G. STUART, Secretary of the Kentucky Press Association and one of the editors of the Clark County Democrat, has arranged for an editorial excursion to the St. Louis Fair on Wednesday, October 9th. Fifty editors are invited, and Governor McCreary and Senators Beck and Williams have been requested to accompany the party. The Railroad Companies will extend the usual courtesies to the Press, and every thing has been arranged for comfort and enjoyment. Wish we could go along. Tom, but business forbids the pleasure.

A FREIGHT train on the C.S.R.R. ran into a box car which some miscreants had pushed from the side on to the main track, at Nicholasville, early Wednesday morning. The engine and cars were thrown from the track and badly smashed up, but fortunately none of the persons aboard were injured. The cars lay in all shapes across the road, and it was late in the evening before even a track around them could be put down. All the passenger trains were delayed from three to eight hours.

MR. GEO. DENNY, Sr., was the third choice of his party. Mr. Geo. Welch, Jr., Cashier of the First National Bank, Danville, was the second but he, like Bradley, declined. It was evident that none but a banker would make any show whatever, hence the two latter nominations. Mr. Denny is President of the Lancaster National Bank.

MADISON again comes to the front. This time Jerry Bennett shot and fatally wounded his nephew, William C. Bennett. Both were wagon-makers, and the row originated over a pair of wheels, which both claimed. The shot took effect in the bowels and arm. The shooter was lodged in jail.

AN L. & N. R. R. passenger train, going 50 miles an hour, ran into an open switch 12 miles below Bowling Green, last Monday. Several of the cars were telescoped and others thrown from the track, but no one was seriously injured.

The steamer Adelphi exploded her boiler while running in Long Island Sound, a few days ago. There were two hundred passengers on board, a large number of whom were instantly killed or terribly scalded. Cause, defective boiler.

The negro Crookes, for the murder of his mistress, Emma Chin, will swing at Louisville to-day. He says he is fully prepared for the terrible ordeal, and expects to go shouting home to glory.

LOAN has stopped the "credit business," and has thereby taken the last crumb of comfort from the rural rosters.

Our noble Governor contributed \$100 to the yellow fever relief fund.

The Cincinnati papers, moved by the spirit of the evil one, are publishing sensational articles, to the effect that yellow fever is an epidemic in Louisville, and that the citizens of that place are fleeing helter-skelter for safety. The Courier-Journal and other Louisville papers pronounce the statements false in every particular, and prove that not a single death has occurred among her people by the disease, although numbers of yellow fever patients from the South have been treated in her hospital. The latter city has opened wide her doors to the poor sufferers, while Cincinnati has quarantined against even freight from the South. The people of the latter city see that they have put their foot in it, and fearing that the Southern people will reward Louisville for their trade, they are doing every thing to injure her.

The report of the President and other officers of the L. & N. & G. S. R. R. was very gratifying reading to the stockholders, who held their annual meeting in Louisville this week. The net earnings for the past year were \$1,708,675 88; the interest on the bonded and floating debt was \$1,024,284 35; leaving a surplus of \$684,391 49. The net earnings of the road have increased 58 per cent. since the panic, and even a better showing is predicted this year.

The Republicans are grieving greatly about what they deem the bad treatment of Judge Durham. It is just done to fool weak-kneed Democrats, whom we hope will not be caught in so thin a trap. What care they for Durham, or any other Democrat, except to stir up discord among them and advance their own interests.

The Yellow Fever, having well nigh exhausted its fury in some of the distressed Southern cities, is spreading into the country and inland towns, causing many new cases and deaths. The only hope is in a frost. The total number of deaths at all points to date from the disease is 8,747.

The Kentucky Tribune, Logan McKee, editor, Danville, Ky., came out yesterday bright, beautiful and full of news. It has new type and is printed on a power press, and at the first glance looks a little like that model of typography, the Advocate. Mr. McKee has our best wishes.

The public debt was decreased \$3,196,534 during the month of September. The whole amount now, is only two million, two hundred and eighty-three thousand three hundred and eleven thousand four hundred and thirty-five dollars.

The Elizabethtown News has enlarged a column to the page, but continues to wear a "patent outside." We had rather publish a five-column home paper than a ten, half gotten up in Cincinnati.

The Western Medical Works scamps are operating with much success in Marion county. The fool killer ought to follow them and dispatch all those who allow themselves to be victimized.

A BAND of Indians attacked a lot of cattle men in Kansas on Tuesday, and in a hand-to-hand fight killed sixteen and wounded five of them.

SAM GAINES' new head is much better looking than the old one.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY NEWS.

MR. VERNON.

COURT MATTERS.

I have only time to make a hurried note of the Court proceedings this week. The case of the Commonwealth vs. Eliza Sloan, the trial of which was in progress last week, resulted in a verdict of acquittal. The case against Wm. Cundiff, for murder, was continued. The two cases against George Saunders were continued at the instance of the defendant. In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wm. Pendleton, for murder, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, and affixed the punishment at eight years in the Penitentiary. On yesterday, the Common Law Docket was called, for the first time, for trial, and the day was spent in trying the somewhat celebrated case of James Eastham vs. R. R. Hackney, which resulted in a verdict for the defendant. The case of Franklin Owsley vs. his wife for a divorce, in which Capt. W. G. Welch, of Stanford, "figured" as the chief attorney for the defendant, was argued at length by Captain Welch, and continued. And Kirtley for plaintiff, until a late hour Wednesday night. It is said that the arguments pro and con, were highly interesting. As the case now stands, the question involved is that of Jurisdiction—the decision of which will be made on Thursday or Friday of this week. QUITO.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS.

Lancaster.

WHERE.

New goods! New goods!
AND EVERY BODY ELSE.

Another hung jury in the Holmes case exhausts the patience of the counsel.

DOXY LEAVE US MR. JONES.
St. Louis is said to rob your town of one of her most promising young gentlemen.

AUSIE FINNIE.
Mr. Hall Anderson owns a remarkably fine colt of over rare beauty, named "Aussie Finnie."

DANCING TAHOOT.
Prof. Wm. Mueller, the finest dancing-master of the West, will open school here on the 10th inst. Adults and children will form separate classes.

THE WIDENING and repairing of our side-walks will improve the city on the hill-side. The pets of the work-house seem to have the job in hand.

OUR PHIL.
On Tuesday night at the Court-house the Hon. Phil B. Thompson, Jr., proclaimed the marvelous perfections of the Democratic platform to his Garrard constituents.

All day the faithful had hovered about the youthful aspirant, whose right arm had been insured before he attempts the last heat of the race. It would be idle to try to count the number of times in a given space that he shakes hands.

DEATHS.

Died, on the 28th ult., Mrs. Sallie Perkins. On the 29th ult., Mr. James M. Murray, an old citizen of the county. On Friday night, 27th ult., after many years of bodily affliction, and six months of weary languishing on a bed of suffering, Mrs. Louisa Adams breathed her last, surrounded by tender and sympathizing friends. She was the wife of Dr. Absalom Adams, who for twelve years was pastor of the Christian church at this place. Their attachment to our citizens was so strong that they refused to sever the ties, and have consequently continued to reside here. The funeral was conducted by Elders Walden and Gibson, and was largely attended.

RELIGIOUS.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Baptist Fork church. About thirty converts were immersed on Sunday. Elder Sherman officiated at the Christian church on Sunday morning. On Wednesday evening the large Circuit Court room was almost filled with citizens, who came out to hear Bishop Dudley's discourse. It is rare that any religious service is so well attended, especially during the week. The Rev. M. C. Benton, of Danville, assisted the Bishop. A cabinet organ was removed to the Court-house and the chants were sung as in regularly organized churches. Such of "the faithful" as could come were here from Danville, Stanford and this county. The Bishop's remarks were admirably chosen for the occasion, and taught many important truths about Episcopal customs in a series of word paintings most impressive. His style is altogether original, and can not fail to catch the attention of his congregation. His experience of men, his strong common sense and his unassuming piety form efficient aids to the gifts of culture and learning that are so richly his. The rite of confirmation was administered to Miss Mary Hunter Southworth, a lovely young niece of Dr. Fisher, of this place, and at present a refugee from Yellow Fever at Memphis.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Sarah Cronly, of Lexington, is visiting Mrs. Ann Hopper. Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Young, of Ovington, are at Captain Frank J. White's. George W. Dunlap, Jr., is at Frankfort, for the purpose of arguing the case of Freeman Farris, before the Court of Appeals. The Kentucky press eloquently applauded the recent effort of W. O. Bradley before the Court of Appeals to set aside the verdict against Grove C. Kennedy. Captain and Mrs. Thos. Blair, have returned from their brief bridal jaunt, and are the guests of Mrs. M. H. Owsley. Mrs. Dr. Jos. P. Letcher has bought the cottage occupied by Mr. Arthur Brown, on the lot adjoining Judge Owsley's land near town. The last report from the Republican Convention at Danville, on Monday, is that Mr. Bradley refused the nomination for Congress. Mr. George Denny, Sr., becomes the nominee. On Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., at the home of the bride's father, near Lexington, took place the marriage of Miss Carrie Farris and Col. Mat Walton. The invitations not being general, only a few friends went over from this place. The company consisted of Misses Emma Greenleaf and Bella Arnold; Messrs. Kaufman, Ray, Elkin, Mason and Weisger, in addition to the near relatives of the bride and groom. Mr. Sam Yantis, of Poplar Plains, has removed to this place and is in partnership in the Confection business with his brother, Mr. W. A. Yantis. Messrs. B. Jones and A. Rochester, of Stanford, spent Sunday in this city. On Thursday morning, Mrs. Sue Finnie, Miss Sue Finnie, and Messrs. Charles Edmund Finnie, left for their home in Chicago, after a sojourn of some weeks with Mrs. George W. Dunlap, Jr.

SAPPHO IN JAIL.

Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, I paid a visit to our county jail, and was escorted through the wards by Capt. Dillon, who, with his wife, has labored efficiently to restore the building to something like neatness and comfort. At the opening of the first door a stone hall with grated sides was revealed; and here were about a dozen prisoners, white and black, confined for manslaughter, larceny and other misdemeanors. One, the white man McCoy, who killed Soard, has been shut in from the sunlight till his complexion is thoroughly bleached. All of them seemed instantly from the noisy mirth with which they had been beguiling the time, and gazed at us with respectful curiosity. The keeper merely singled them out and dismissed the offenses for which they were suffering the penalty of the law. Three cells ranged on either side of this central enclosure, and within these were the beds where the men repose at night. We saw the clever mechanical contrivances which the door of each cell, whether near or remote, is opened or shut without the necessity of coming in contact with it. The warden opened the several escape heretofore conspicuous was explained and the repaired damages pointed out. Closing this ponderous door, we were conducted around the inner hall of the prison to the outer grating of the cells. Upon a bed in the first was the man, Taylor, who is suffering from a chronic ulcer of one of the lower limbs, and also from epilepsy. It is thought that the limb will have to be severed. The next cell was empty. On approaching the third, that of the condemned criminal, Farris, the jailer called, "Freesman!" "Yes, sir," promptly came the response, and we went with novel sensations that we advanced to meet face to face a man about whose neck the rope of justice was virtually hung. "Here are some ladies and gentlemen to see you," said the jailer. "All right, sir," said Farris, as he stood up against the iron bars that permitted a full view of two-thirds of his figure. He greeted us politely, and seemed grateful for any diversion. A small Testament, pencil, paper and one or two empty vials were thrust between the bars. As to the man himself, I can not say just what I expected to see; certainly not what I did see. A youthful, lithe, robust frame; clear, smooth yellow complexion; bright, restless brown eyes that night under favorable circumstances express the nobler emotions of the human soul. Whatever the misguided career of this man, it is evident that the warped impulses of his nature were meant for better things than communion and murder. I was not sufficiently familiar with the physiognomy of criminals to estimate his frame of mind. His jailer says that he is a desperate man, that he sometimes plays the hypocrite by loud singing and praying; and sometimes the bravo, by loud painting and singing. To me his countenance

indicated a restlessness that the frequent gleam of his white teeth could not coax into genuine cheerfulness. He talked freely; said he could read and write, and answered all questions readily. I asked what caused two scars on his forehead that resembled burns. Flushing a little, he stroked his forehead with a natural gesture, but looked away as he said, "Oh, fighting a little—I got them at Lexington." I told him that his counsel would go to Frankfort on Monday to see what they could do for him, but before to hold out a hope of pardon. Dr. Hays and Elder Gibson had visited him on the preceding Sunday and administered the consolations of religion. For the next two days his mood was apparently meditative. Four more weeks are allotted to him, according to his sentence. SAPHO.

MADISON COUNTY NEWS.

Kirksville.

CHARITY.

Kirksville has contributed \$30 for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers of the South.

KILLED BY A FALLING TREE.

A child of James Goss, aged seven years, ran under a falling tree that his father was cutting on Saturday last, and was instantly killed.

AGRICULTURAL.

Formers are busily engaged cutting corn, sowing grain and feeding swine. A great many hogs are being fattened in this section notwithstanding the unfavorable prospect of the city markets this Fall.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John H. Jones and lady, of Lincoln, have been visiting relatives here this week, also Miss Mabel W. Fair, of Jessamine. Mrs. J. F. Elliott and two youngest children are at present visiting in Wayne county.

AN ACCOMPLISHED PIANIST AND VOCALIST.

Miss Susie Arnold, of Lancaster, is teaching a music class in connection with Prof. Elliott's school. Miss Arnold is quite an accomplished pianist and vocalist, and we understand her pupils are making rapid progress.

LITTLE PHIL IN MADISON.

Hon. Phil B. Thompson spoke to a goodly number of the citizens of Kirksville and vicinity, on Friday last. His speech was well received, and his position upon the financial and other questions fully endorsed by the majority of his hearers.

WILL SOON RIVAL RICHMOND.

Maj. Wade H. Walker, Sr., is manufacturing brick, preparatory to building a new residence on the site of the one destroyed by fire a few months ago. Mr. D. B. Willis is having his residence newly covered and painted. Sam Finnell has also completed his new building on Main Street. Prof. Elliott is building a new barn on his premises. Mrs. Woodworth is making additions to her residence. Dr. Farris has also erected a new building on his grounds.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Wm. Tyree has been absent nearly all the Summer and Fall, holding protracted meetings. He has been quite successful in bringing sinners into the fold of Christ. At present, he is conducting a meeting for ten days duration, at the Pond Meeting-house, near Richmond, in which there were over forty additions to the Christian church. Elders Walden and Storey are at present, engaged in a meeting at Bethel church, in Garrard county. No report of success.

What Col. Watterson Knows about Fish.
STANFORD, KENTUCKY, 1
Oct. 2, 1878.

Mr. Editor: I have noticed within the last few months in the columns of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, some excellent letters from some unknown writer, containing some remarkable fish stories. I too, have one to tell, which I believe has never appeared.

I was one of a party who left the town for a fishing excursion on Cumberland river, and am willing to qualify as to the truthfulness of the following: The first evening we arrived at the river, I landed my first salmon. I am not a skillful fisherman. I told Dr. Bohon, who called me a Slatheer, I didn't want to be set down for anything, with any kind of fluting embroidery, knife plaiting or any thing of that kind about it. I was willing to admit it as far as he was concerned, but that I could do only a little plain fishing. I fished from the bank by the side of a veteran fisher, Col. Watterson. He knows every fish that swims in water, by name. He can tell by the movement of the line what kind of fish is at your hook. Something ran away with my line, "It's a salmon," shouted the Colonel, in intense excitement. "A big fellow. Take out your line," he yelled to the others. "Give him plenty of room! play him," he shrieked at me. "Let him run! Keep your line taut! Don't give him an inch of slack! Look out! Don't let him do that again! Let him run! Now, bring him in this—Look out! Don't let him do that again!"

By this time I was so much excited that I was on the point of throwing down the pole and rushing out in the river, intending to run the fish down and kick it to death. I screamed to Col. Watterson: "You take the pole and land him—I never can." He refused. He turned and hurled his own pole, lance fashion, into the woods. "Here!" he shouted, rushing down the bank about twenty feet below me, stepping down and spreading out his arms. "Here! Now! Bring him in here through the shoal water! I'll get him! Careful, now! Careful! Steady! Steady!" And flip, flap, I had him on the shore. He was a beauty. A little sunfish about three-and-a-half inches long. It was a long time before we said anything. The Colonel climbed a big beach tree, in the top of which his pole had lodged, and we resumed our fishing. Presently, Sid Myers coughed, and said: "How funny the frogs sound over in the marsh." And then we laughed a long time at the frogs a long, long time, and very hearty. They were very funny frogs. But the Colonel fished very silently, and by and by, he said the fish wouldn't bite when there was so much noise. So we held our hush, and the fish bit. The fishing is excellent almost any where on the river. That evening one of the boys caught nine large salmon, when we came to count the fish, however, it appeared that we had caught one salmon nine times. It was a very large fish, and they are going to have its skin dried whole for a spectacle case for the Colonel. I caught more fish than any one else in the party, but they were all Gar, with one exception, and I learned to my amazement, that I had disgraced myself and the party. Why isn't a fish a fish, I'd like to know? (To be continued.) SLATHEER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE!

I will sell privately my Farm of 80 Acres, lying on the Lancaster Pike, 2 1/2 miles from Stanford. For particulars, call on or address
Sept. 11, 1878.
B. G. ALFORD,
Stanford, Ky.

POLAND CHINAS!

I have for sale 2 Male Hogs that I bought in Ohio, and Broom, Saws and pigs, both axes. They are the purest Poland Chinas, and I will sell them cheap for cash. I also have six fine Bull Calves for sale.
325-6m
A. D. NEWLAND,
Crest Orchard, Ky.

A NO. 1 FARM FOR SALE.

Having determined to move West, I offer my Farm, containing EIGHTY-TWO ACRES, lying on the Hanging Fork, in Lincoln county, about 5 miles from Stanford and 6 miles from Danville, and one and a half miles from the Pike. Good Cottage Dwelling and barn, a good young Orchard of select fruit, well watered. As I am determined to sell, I will give a bargain in the sale.
JAS. C. BRYANT,
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

A NEAT LITTLE COTTAGE FOR SALE.

I offer at private sale my MY NEW RESIDENCE AND LOT, on Danville Street. It contains 4 rooms, besides a rock room and is especially arranged for comfort, convenience and comfort. The lot is a 1/2 acre and is a desirable location for a man doing business in the heart of town.

A New Cistern and Necessary Out-houses are some of the advantages not always found on a Town Lot. I will sell at a bargain. Call on me on the premises, or address E. A. TERHUNE, 315-4f

A SPLENDID LINCOLN COUNTY FARM FOR SALE!

I offer at private sale my Farm of 200 ACRES, lying within 3 miles of Shelby City and about 1 mile from either Stanford and Danville and Stanford and Shelby City Turnpikes. It adjoins the lands of Dr. J. C. Givens and Mr. Sewell Givens. The land is in a high state of cultivation and being well fenced and watered by six never-failing Springs, it is one of the best Stock Farms in the State. The buildings are complete, including two excellent barns. Desires of purchasing can see on the premises, or address me at Shelby City, Boyle County, Ky.
J. L. THURMOND.

MILL AND DISTILLERY PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Any one wishing to engage in the Milling and Distilling Business will find it to their interest to call on C. R. Engleman as he desires to sell his Mill and Distillery and a good Dwelling-House and will sell 40 or 50 Acres of No. 1 bottom land with the said property, if desired. The property offered for sale is situated immediately upon the turnpike road leading from Danville to Lancaster. It is one of the best locations for the business in the State. The Distillery is fed by never-failing Springs of pure water, and the Mill runs about eight months in the year by water power. A bargain in the sale of the property, the price, or addressing C. R. ENGLEMAN, Danville, Ky.

STOVES AND TINWARE

I keep on hand and for sale all kinds of Heating and Cooking Stoves of the best patterns. Also, Tinware in great variety.

GUTTERING AND ROOFING

REPAIRING MACHINERY!

of all kinds promptly attended to. Give me a call at my shop just above the Commercial Hotel.

PETER STRAUB, Ag't.

PUBLIC SALE OF LAND.

As Executor of George Carpenter, dec'd, I will sell to the highest bidder, at Hintonville, Ky., on WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9, 1878

The Skinner Farm, 2 1/2 miles South of Hintonville, on the Middleburg turnpike, containing

ABOUT 306 ACRES,

All well set in grass. Also about

2,000 ACRES OF LAND.

Well covered with superior Timber, on Brush Creek, 1/2 mile from Hintonville. At the same time and place, I will also sell or rent the Baker Farm, near Norton Station, C. S. R. R., containing

ABOUT 325 ACRES,

About 30 acres for small grain, 25 acres for corn, remainder in grass. Persons desiring to purchase would do well to look at these lands.

Terms made known on day of sale.

A. W. CARPENTER, Executor.

FARM FOR SALE!

I have a No. 1 little Farm for sale, containing

136 ACRES OF LAND.

Situated immediately on Salt River, 1/4 of a mile from the Salt River and Dry Branch Turnpike and one mile from the Perryville turnpike road, and adjoining the lands of Nelson Rose and Dr. Thomas Kyle. The Farm is now in first-rate condition, the buildings having all been new and rock put under each corner. There is also on the Farm

36 Acres of First-rate Corn,

7,000 Bushels of Oats,

100 Bushels of Wheat,

About 10 Tons of Hay.

Will sell the Farm and Crop on from one to four years time, or on small terms as will suit most any purchaser. I have also a 10 head of

PURE BRED BULL LABRS.

And 6 or 8 Yearling Bulls, all by my premium Buck, Lord Palmer 2nd—and in view of the times, will sell them at from \$10 to \$12.

A. B. BONTA, Harrodsburg, Ky.

A VALUABLE LINCOLN COUNTY FARM FOR SALE!

At \$20 PER ACRE.

I offer at private sale, my Farm in Lincoln county, Ky., situated on the Somerset Pike, 4 1/2 miles South of Stanford, and a mile from the C. S. R. R. depot, on the Knoxville Branch Railroad, and in 8 miles of a depot on the C. S. R. R.

IT CONTAINS 500 ACRES,

and can be divided into 5 farms, with a dwelling on each tract.

Wood and Water in great abundance. A two-story farm dwelling, with 8 rooms, large barn, &c. Large orchard in full bearing. A fine mineral water well at the door.

Good Location for Saw Mill, as fine Poplar Timber is Abundant.

This is desirable property and will be sold low and on easy terms. Address J. M. MARTIN, Stanford, Ky.

FOR SALE.

WARNING.

All persons are notified not to trade for a note for \$100, dated Sept. 14, 1878, and payable to the order of the Western Medical Works of Indianapolis, Indiana, at The Farmers National Bank of Stanford, Ky., and purporting to have been executed by me. The note was procured by fraud, and I will resist payment.
Sept. 19, '78.
HIGGINS KELLY.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

HON. H. A. M. HENDERSON—WILL SPEAK—IN THE COURT-HOUSE HERE, AT THREE O'CLOCK, ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878, SUBJECT: POPULAR EDUCATION.
341-4f

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the limited partnership heretofore entered into for the purpose of selling Dry Goods, Notions, &c., in the town of Stanford, wherein J. H. Craig was the general partner and J. W. McAlister the special partner, is this day by mutual consent dissolved.

Aug. 31, 1878.
J. H. CRAIG,
J. W. McALISTER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lincoln Circuit Court.
L. D. GOODES HES. &c. Notice to Creditors. The creditors of L. D. Goode, dec'd, are hereby notified that by an order of the Lincoln Circuit Court, this day made, they are requested to produce and file their claims properly verified, as required by law, before the undersigned Court at his office, in Stanford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October, 1878.
W. G. WELCH, Master Court L. C. C.

THE PEOPLE

Of Louisville and surrounding country have our best thanks for their kind reception of the representatives of our home and the splendid patronage this encourages us to do better, and

FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1878

We send out a new and elegant assortment of FALL AND WINTER READY-MADE CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

AND TAILORING GOODS in the Piece, to be Made up to order. We will do our best to please and suit all who come to us, and not be satisfied ourselves unless we satisfy our patrons.

JOSEPH WAKEMAN, OAK HALL, N. E. Cor. 4th and Jefferson, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Merchant Tailors Goods!

RARE BARGAINS FOR GENTLEMEN.

I OFFER FOR SALE

All the Stock of Goods in the store-house of Sam'l N. Matheny, dec'd, consisting of an excellent selection of Merchant Tailors Goods of every description, which will be cut and made into suits if desired, under the supervision of Mr. Wm. Matheny, a fashionable and experienced tailor.

All those indebted to the estate of decedent are requested to settle their accounts immediately.
Sept. 15, '78.
MARTIN C. MATHENY, Adm'r of S. N. Matheny, dec'd.

REMOVAL!

I have now open a magnificent stock of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's CLOTHING! Of the most choice styles and make, embracing all done from three times to largest men's sizes—ALL CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, 103 & 105 Jefferson St., bet. 3d and 4th, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB GROUNDS,

MR. HENRY A. MAGILL, AUGUST 15, 1878.

On 15th and 16th of August, 1878, I had a very severe attack of Fever and Ague, the result of a cold. Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer was recommended. I prepared one bottle and by the time I had used a few doses the disease was broken, and I am now completely restored to health. A number of my family were now afterward taken ill with the same disease, and was quickly cured with a few doses from the same bottle. (See Lancaster, a Jockey, was cured by a few doses from the same bottle, and the fourth person, sick with the same disease, is now using some of the medicine remaining in the same bottle. I regard it the most valuable medicine I ever used, a splendid tonic and the I used. I never before used a medicine which had such a splendid effect, and I willingly and cheerfully give it my endorsement.

Price, \$1 per Bottle. Sold by all retail druggists and medicine dealers. Wholesale by R. A. Robinson & Co., J. L. Wilder & Co., Arthur Peter & Co., Alfred, Newhouse & Co., Louisville, Ky., and the trade generally.
H. A. MAGILL, Prop'r, Louisville, Ky.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Buy a Trust of Bohon & Stagg.
CANARY SEED at Bohon & Stagg's.
Buy your School Books at Chennault's.
CLOCKS cleaned and repaired at Chennault's.
GUNS and Ammunition at Bohon & Stagg's.
You can buy a Clock very cheap at Chennault's.

HEADQUARTERS for Paints of all kinds at Chennault's.
SEWING MACHINES of all kinds repaired and adjusted by Carson & Dadds.
Lot of Pocket Knives at cost to make room for a new lot at Chennault's.

A FULL and complete stock of School Books can be found at Anderson & McRoberts'.
FINE assortment of Toilet Soaps, hair, nail, tooth brushes, and perfumery, very cheap at Chennault's.

We are just receiving a large lot of Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Ziegler & Bro's make. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.
Just received a large supply of Books, Stationery, Pens, Ink, and every thing needed for Schools, at E. R. Chennault's.

BEAUTY UNDOUBTEDLY avails you nothing; purchase the "adornment" from J. Winter & Co., corner 3rd and Market Streets, Louisville, Ky., Merchant Tailors and Manufacturers of ready-made clothing.

LIVER IS KING.—The liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are the natural result. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the liver. It has been successfully proved that Green's August Flower is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms which result from an unhealthy condition of the Liver and Stomach. Sample bottles to try, 10 cents. Positively sold in all towns on the Western Continent. Three doses will prove that it is just what you want. For sale by Bohon & Stagg.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.—The opening article of the November number is a well-considered memorial of David Livingstone, the celebrated explorer of Africa, one of those great men who have been called Christians, and who, like Christ, have died for men. The article is illustrated by eleven admirable engravings. There are also a number of interesting serial and short stories—"Michael Agrippa's Freedom" and "In Mischief Agrippa" are continued; and a new story by Mrs. Barr, "Quail's Two Fortunes," will be ready for sale as will likewise "Learning a Trade," which is a capital American story, commenced especially to the attention of young men. The "Ship of the Desert" is an admirable article with twenty cuts, illustrative of the habits and manners of the camel. "Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies," and "St. Chrysostom," by Laura, will be ready with profound interest. The poems are particularly noteworthy, and the editor's Sermon and his Exegesis are even of more than usual excellence. These are a few of the prominent features of this number, which abounds with valuable articles, carefully edited and elevated the mind; filling 128 quarto pages; and the engraving number over 100. The price of a single copy is 25 cents, and the annual subscription \$3, postpaid. A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 55, 57 & 59 Park Place, New York.

PERSONAL.

MR. AND MRS. M. D. ELMORE are in Louisville this week.
D. B. EMMERTON, Esq., returned yesterday from Louisville.

MISS JENNIE DUNCAN, of Lancaster, is visiting Mrs. R. C. Warren.

MR. W. B. MASON, of Lancaster, spent a day or two here this week.

MR. G. D. WEAVER has a business visit to Cincinnati this week.

PROF. W. K. JENKINSON who has been very ill of pneumonia, is recovering.

MISS BETTIE McDOWELL, of LaGrange, is visiting relatives in this county.

MISS ELLIE AND DORIS JONES, of Somerset are visiting in this vicinity.

RECTOR W. B. HARRISON, of the Pulaski Church, passed through Stanford this week.

MISS PANTHER MCKINLEY left Wednesday for a visit to her brother in Louisville.

MISS ANNIE LOGAN has returned from a very pleasant visit to friends in Shelbyville.

JUDGE JAMES FINE, of Rockcastle, a Democrat of the true blue, was in town on Tuesday to pay his respects to the late Mr. J. M. Myers.

MISS MARY MYERS and Mrs. S. R. Myers went to Lancaster to hear Bishop Dudley on Wednesday night.

HAYNES sold his farm, Mr. Allen Bradley, of Glasgow, will make his future home on the farm of Mr. Roy Stewart, near Danville.

MR. AND MRS. T. T. DAVENPORT and Mrs. F. J. Anthony went to Cincinnati Tuesday to pay in their Fall and Winter stock of MILLINERY.

DR. AND MRS. CLIFTON FOWLER, Mrs. Ulrich Dunn and her pretty little daughter, Edith, honored our office with their presence this week.

DR. T. B. MONTGOMERY, H. S. Withers, Esq., Mrs. Judge Bailey, Miss Josie Withers and A. Whitley Montgomery are spending the week in Louisville.

MRS. MARY LOGAN and daughter, Miss Bettie, spent several days with Mrs. Rebecca Moran, in Madison, this week. Mrs. Moran will leave next week for Colorado for the benefit of the health of her children.

JUDGE W. F. CAMPBELL, formerly of this county, and a brother of Sen. Campbell, is the Republican candidate for Congress in his district, in Kansas. The Wichita Eagle, published in the Judge's form, says him a very high compliment.

LOCAL NEWS.

SAUNDERS was taken to Richmond on horseback from Mt. Vernon. A strong guard accompanied him.

FIRE.—The Willow Grove School-house was burned last Sunday night. A good many scholars of Miss Angie Bonley, lost their books.

SICKNESS.—The Doctors say there is more material fever this season than they have known for years. No deaths, however, have occurred from it yet.

INSURANCE.—The Grange Mutual Insurance Association has paid to Mrs. Zack Elkin, \$2,400—the amount of insurance on the life of her husband.

In connection with our tin shop, we intend to keep the best stock of stoves, grates, mantles and hollow ware that has ever been kept in Stanford. We are &c.

In contributing to the relief of the scourge-ridden South, don't try to pass your Trade and Mexican dollars at par. We have seen a good deal of that kind of cheating lately.

LUNATIC.—Mrs. Emily Gibson, from the Millidgeville neighborhood, was tried before a jury here on Tuesday and adjudged a lunatic. She was ordered to the Asylum at Lexington.

THE Court of Claims will meet next Monday, when all having claims against the county, should present them.

SLAUGHTERING Doves.—Dr. J. T. Bohon with a party of five Lancaster sports, killed 179 doves, last Tuesday, in a hemp field. Three hunters got 108 in the same field the day before.

We have now in our employ Mr. Frank Shannon, a practical tinman, and are manufacturing all kinds of tinware, stoves, pipes, &c. Also prepared to do all kinds of roofing, gutters and repairing, at rock bottom prices. We are &c.

ANY one desiring to rent a small, new, neat, and comfortable cottage, in the immediate suburbs of Stanford, and within two minutes walk of the Court-house, should call on E. B. Hayden. A small, good garden is attached. Rent low. 2

We earnestly advise our readers who will be here next Monday, at County Court, to visit the store of Hayden Bros. and examine their large and elegant stock of goods. The prices and the goods will suit them, and all in need of Fall and Winter articles can find there every thing called for.

We looked in on the new goods of Mr. J. N. Davis yesterday, and found a fine assortment of boots and shoes, including superior shoes for ladies, hats, for men and boys, underwear, home-made jeans, shirts, staps and fancy groceries, canvased beef, hog hams, confectioneries, etc., and an endless variety of notions—all at low prices. Our readers should call and examine these goods, and they will be sure to purchase.

THE SAUNDERS CASE.—The trial of Geo. Saunders for the murder of the negro, Middleton, was set for last Tuesday, at Mt. Vernon. The Commonwealth had all of her witnesses ready, but when the case was called, the counsel for the defense pleaded the absence of an important witness, and asked for a continuance. It was strenuously objected by the Commonwealth, but the Judge finally agreed to continue the case till the next term of the Court, and at the request of his counsel, Saunders was sent to the jail at Richmond instead of being returned to his old quarters at Louisville. Messrs. W. H. Miller and F. B. Bobbitt were at Mt. Vernon to assist in the prosecution.

CHARGED WITH SHOOTING THE "QUEER."—Frank Wilmer alias Homer Ives, was arrested in Lancaster, Wednesday night, by B. F. Clark, Deputy Marshal, on a charge of passing counterfeit silver money, of the denomination of quarters, halves and trade dollars, and taken to Louisville yesterday. Wilmer was for a number of months a barber here, but recently moved to Lancaster. While here he was regarded as an honest man until a cousin and former partner of his, was arrested in Cincinnati on the same charge, for which he is now in durance, since then he has been looked upon with some suspicion. He seemed confident that he would be able to prove his innocence.

WATCH STOLEN.—Yesterday a suspicious looking tramp was seen prowling around the premises of Judge W. G. Bailey, and after his departure an old silver watch, an heirloom in the family, was missing. The supposed thief was arrested on the evidence of the Judge's cook, and searched, but the watch was not discovered. The man, when arrested, pretended to be very drunk, but stoutly denied the charge. To some he gave his name as Alfred Westmoreland; to others he said it was Wesley. The circumstances were sufficient to warrant his being held on suspicion, so he was given till this morning to sober up and explain his position.

HON. PHIL B. THOMPSON, Jr., was in town this week, en route to his appointments to speak. He was greatly pleased with the outlook in Madison and Garrard, and is confident that he will roll up greater majorities in those counties than the party has ever obtained. He spoke at Hustonville yesterday, and after he gets through with the appointments published in last week's issue of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, he will address the people of Pulaski at Caintown, October 10th, at Buncomb, the 11th, at Waynesburg, (Lincoln) on the 12th, Liberty Meeting-house, (Pulaski) on the 14th, Edwards' Store, (Pulaski), 15th, Mill Springs, (Wayne) 17th, Powell Mills, 18th, Mullentown, 19th. Speaking at each of the above places will commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. On the night of the 19th, he will speak at Monticello, and on the 21st (Circuit Court day,) he will speak in Danville, at 11 A. M., and same day in Danville, at 2 P. M.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—A smart Alick, named W. P. Smith, who has lately been traveling through this section, selling tooth-picks and other wooden ware for a Cincinnati house, endeavored day before yesterday, to beat our Lancaster toll-gate keeper out of two-thirds of the toll. He was in a buggy with a brother drummer and had but one nickel in the world (1) Can you change a twenty dollar bill to get a dime? was his game. It wasn't Pate, but Mrs. Hampton, who really saw through the dodge, and responded that she thought she could get the dime out of the bill. Smith, unsuspectingly passed over his bill to receive the startling information that it behooved him to make the change, and that she would hold on to the bill till the amount of toll was forthcoming. Finding that she was in earnest, Smith suddenly discovered the change in another pocket which he paid over, got his \$20 back, and drove off, feeling as mean as a man will always feel who is caught in a dirty trick.

THE SOMERSET FARM.—As predicted, the jury in the Holmes case failed to agree, and having assured Judge Owensley that they were locked beyond for hanging, and five for the penitentiary. Immediately after they were dismissed, Holmes' counsel moved for bail, the hope and consolation that prisoners always feel in a hung jury, but Judge Owensley failed to allow it, though took time to consider the matter. The fact that he remanded Holmes back to the Louisville jail, and the further fact that there is no law, and scarcely any precedent for granting bail to a man who, eighteen men have upon their oath said, should suffer death, while the other six, even charging them with bias, have pronounced him guilty of manslaughter, go to show that Judge Owensley intends to maintain the first step he took after the trial, and allow no half, this time, at least. That he will stand firm, is the wish of every law-loving citizen with whom we have conversed, and we have interviewed scores of them on the subject.

GAME LAW.—October 20th is as soon as you can kill partridges without having to pay for the fun. From February 1st, to that date they are forbidden fowl.

It would be a great accommodation to our citizens and save them much annoyance if the Marshal would teach people that it is a feasible offense to stand vehicles or horses on street crossings.

Our merchants tell us that a number of men whom they credited have plead the limitation law on running accounts. The sneek who would do this on an honest account is as low as a hog thief, and is unworthy of the respect of the meanest dog.

TO THE LADIES.—Mrs. H. P. Montgomery, the wife of the new barber, will open next week, in the room formerly occupied as a barber shop, under the Commercial Hotel, a lady's hair-dressing establishment. She will also be prepared to furnish wigs and braids, or make combings into braids at the shortest notice.

LARGE WOMAN.—There died here this week a colored woman, Lucy Crutcheff, who was somewhat remarkable for her great obesity. She was low in stature, and appeared literally as broad as high. Her weight was between 350 and 400, and it took a coffin thirty odd inches broad and twenty inches deep to hold her remains.

LADIES having an eye to the beautiful and tasteful, have moved us that the dress goods at Hayden Bros. this season are far prettier and cheaper than they ever knew. We inspected a large lot of black, brown, and other colored cashmere dress goods for ladies' wear in this establishment the other day, and have no hesitancy in saying that no where else can be cheaper, better, or more stylish goods be found. All who have examined them agree with us.

THE STORE ROOMS of Hayden Bros. are literally packed and piled with new goods, from basement to attic. The firm has made arrangements with Eastern houses to receive from the latter, every few days during the season, all the novelties in the goods line, and consequently the customers of this firm will be enabled to get anything they call for. No body can complain of the prices asked for goods at this old and well established dry goods house.

MORE COUNTERFEITERS.—Wood Lytle writes us from Somerset that he assisted Deputy U. S. Marshals Gilder and Warren to arrest Reuben Faulkner and Alex. Smith, two citizens of Pulaski, on a charge of making and uttering large amounts of silver (?) currency. Mr. Lytle describes Smith as a handsome and wealthy man, and Mr. Faulkner as a hard looking case, and as sullen as a mule. They expect to make other arrests at Pine Knob, in the same county.

CONFEDERATE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.—Miss Bettie Harris, who is deserving of the highest meed of praise for her energy and faithfulness has handed in the following contributions for the Southern sufferers since our last report: Miss Annie Harris, 50 cents; Miss Luella Bright, 50 cents; Roy Stewart, 50 cents; Mrs. Will Murphy, 50 cents; Dr. S. J. Hocker, 50 cents; Miss Mattie Alford, 50 cents; James B. McKinney, 50 cents; J. M. Brown, 50 cents; Geo. Miller, 50 cents; Mrs. Fielding Thurmond, 50 cents; Maj. Jones, 50 cents; G. S. McKinney, 50 cents; Mary Graybeal, 25 cents; Mrs. Kate Bush, 45 cents; Mrs. A. D. Lytle, 50 cents; Higgins Kelly, 50 cents; Richard Cobb, 50 cents; A. W. Carpenter, 50 cents; T. J. Foster, 50 cents; Sam. Sagg, 50 cents; Miss Alice Helm, 50 cents; James Helm, 50 cents; J. Caldwell, 50 cents; Mrs. M. Moreland, 50 cents; Mrs. Will Moreland, 75 cents; W. H. Smith & Co., 50 cents; Conant, Rose & Co., 50 cents; Pat Conway, 50 cents; Cook, 50 cents; Dr. Ed. Alcorn, 50 cents; R. M. Bradley, 50 cents; E. White, 50 cents; J. P. Goode, 50 cents; Miss Bettie Logan, 50 cents; Mrs. H. J. Campbell, 50 cents; Mrs. S. Logan, 50 cents; Miss Hannah Burgin, 50 cents; Mrs. P. A. Williams, 45 cents; J. R. Peacock, 50 cents; Mr. Bennett Floyd, 50 cents; B. C. Dye, 50 cents; Miss Allie Clark, 50 cents; Mrs. M. A. Miller, 50 cents; Mr. Clelland, 50 cents; Mr. Hubble, 25 cents; H. Luce, 25 cents; Mrs. S. P. Engleman, 50 cents; Mrs. N. C. Bright, 50 cents; A. D. Lytle, 50 cents.

The same young lady is also credited with the following contributions of flour: J. A. Harris, 100 pounds; Ed. Carter, 100 lbs.; G. N. Bradley, 50 lbs.; J. H. Miller, 110 lbs.; Jerry Briscoe, 70 lbs.; J. B. Myers, 100 lbs.

The following explains itself and is worthy of the emulation of all little girls and boys.

HUSTONVILLE, Sept. 26.—Miss Bettie Harris, Stanford: We all are little girls but Miss Hannah says we must write our letters. We send sixty-five cents for the people in the South. Dollie Williams, 15 cents; Lucy Tate, 10 cents; Belle Cooke, 10 cents; Jesse Cook, 10 cents; Lizzie Dye, 65 cents; Chloe Logan, 10 cents. We hope you have a great deal more for them. We wish we could send them more. We hope this will do them some good. Please accept the best wishes of the "LITTLE GIRLS" of Christian College.

To Mrs. Stephen Burch and Miss Annie Buchanan, of Crab Orchard, two noble workers, the association is indebted for the following contributions: Mrs. Stephen Burch, 50 cents; Miss Annie Buchanan, 50 cents; De Lancey Egbert, 50 cents; Stephen Fletcher, 50 cents; Dr. J. W. Grant, 50 cents; M. E. Egbert, 50 cents; Jas. K. Dillon, 50 cents; Mrs. Thos. A. McGee, 50 cents; H. C. Dickerson, 50 cents; A. M. Carter, 50 cents; Mrs. H. L. H. Ste. Patus, 25 cents; Mrs. D. Pettus, 50 cents; Mrs. Locke Saunders, 25 cents; Mrs. W. F. Kennedy, 50 cents; Mrs. W. T. Saunders, 50 cents; E. T. Stephenson, 50 cents; W. T. Saunders, 50 cents; R. H. Brownag, 50 cents; Jordan Perkins, 50 cents; Mrs. W. T. Stephenson, 45 cents; Mrs. Wm. Garnett, 50 cents; Abraham Smith, 50 cents; Mrs. Abe Smith, 50 cents; Henry Miller, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Fish, 50 cents; Wm. McClure, 50 cents; James Hutchings, 50 cents; Mrs. S. A. Higgins, 50 cents; John Ballard, 25 cents; W. S. Myers, 25 cents; Ansel Dillon, 25 cents; Jacob Guest, 25 cents; Wm. Buchanan, 50 cents; King, 50 cents; Mrs. Robert Stuart, 50 cents; W. P. Merritt, 50 cents; Hiram Roberts, 50 cents; Harry Dunn, 50 cents; Hugh Sargent, 45 cents; Robt. Pittman, 25 cents; Francis M. Sieger, 25 cents.

Total collections to date about \$100, and 700 lbs. flour.

DEATHS.

WRIGHT—At Parkville, Ky., on the 21st ult. Miss Mariah Wright, aged 23 years. Elder W. L. Williams officiated at the funeral, and the remains were interred in the Cemetery at Parkville.

LYNN—Mr. Albert Lynn, for several years a resident of Cawley county, Kanasa, a son of Mr. Craig Lynn, of this county, died this week of pneumonia. Mr. J. N. Menefee, arrived yesterday with his corpse, and the burial will take place to-day.

MARRIAGES.

HICKS—CHAPPELL.—Yesterday Mr. Jesse Hicks and Miss Sarah Eliza Chappell both of this county, were made one flesh.

TAYLOR—MORROW.—Gen. Thos. H. Taylor, the well known U. S. Marshal, was married in Louisville on Tuesday to Miss Adair Monroe, the great-granddaughter of Governor Adair.

WALTON—FARRA.—Our handsome and talented cousin, Col. Mat Walton, was married last evening, in Fayette county, to Miss Carrie Farra, a young lady reported to be as sweet in disposition as she is beautiful in person.

NEEDHAM—SMITH.—Tim Needham, the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the I. O. G. T., and a very able and popular Temperance orator, was married, this week, to Miss Kate Smith, of Williamstown, Ky., a lady of rare personal charms.

RELIGIOUS.

The Louisville Conference is in session this week, in Cadiz, Ky.

Rev. J. Loton Barnes will preach at the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

An interesting meeting is in progress at Shelby City, conducted by Rev. J. M. Bruce. Four additions to date.

A revival at Fork Church in Garrard, closed a few days ago with 33 additions. Revs. W. R. Arvin and Maddox conducted it.

The percentage of conversions at the camp-meetings during the past Summer has been very small, and the old-fashioned Methodists shake their heads and look disappointed.

Elder Martin Owens, a veteran preacher in the Christian church, called to see us yesterday. He claims the honor of having bound together the hearts and lives of 436 seekers after natirominal bliss.

One of the grandest sermons ever delivered in this place, fell from Bishop Kavanaugh's tongue. He is a grand old man, and every eye that vast crowd was filled with tears.—[Shelbyville Localist.]

Bishop Dudley, of the Episcopal Diocese of Kentucky, delivered a very able sermon in the Methodist Church here last night.

Rev. Mr. Benton, pastor of the Episcopal Church at Danville, was present during the services.

Rev. E. T. Baird, Secretary of the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, who embezzled \$14,000 of the church funds and ran off to escape legal punishment has returned and the Committee of Investigation sustained the charge against him and suspended him from the ministry, but allowed him the right of Communion.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

Mr. Lewis Jones has about 45 head of fat cattle for sale.

WEAREN & EVANS sell a good two horse wagon with bed and brake, for \$70.

Allen Bradley sold his farm of 246 acres in Garrard county, to J. G. Sweeney, for \$34 per acre.

Waverly, a thorough-bred stallion, belonging to J. A. Grinstead, of Fayette, died this week of colic.

Deposit Bank stock sold in Paris, last week at \$105; Citizens Bank at \$105, and Northern Bank at \$106.

WEAREN & EVANS offer a Buckeye Grain Drill at manufacturers' wholesale prices—a bargain for any in need of a Drill.

At a sale in Bourbon, a few days ago, 48 2-year-old steers sold from \$30 to \$47 10 per head; milk cows from \$20 to \$50, and work mules from \$30 to \$65.

A. L. Hale, of this county, sold to Tom Woods, of Boyle, 36 yearling cattle, at \$20 per head. John M. Hall sold to same, 22 head yearlings, at \$19 and a yoke of cattle at \$90.

Thomas Wood's, of Boyle, bought of S. E. Lackey, 65 head of 1,350 pound cattle at 4 cents, and of N. D. Lackey, 17 head, weighing from 1,300 to 1,600 pounds, at 1 and 44 cents.

The Nelson Record reports sale of 14 cattle weighing 984 lbs. average, at \$2 25 per cwt.—Wash. Newman, near Boston, sowed 20 bushels and harvested 402 bushels of wheat from it.

Glenmore, Spendthrift, Bergamont, Milan and Warfield were the winners on the extra day given by the Louisville Jockey Club for the benefit of the Yellow Fever sufferers. The day was fine and the attendance large.

Col. C. H. Rochester has left at our office, for which we return thanks, a basket of mammoth Southern Green Sweet Potatoes, and a lot of Carpenter Seedling Irish Potatoes, a new variety, very large and toothsome. The sweet potatoes averaged 5 pounds.

The Winchester Democrat reports sales of 1,300 pound cattle at 4 cents, 1,250 pound at 4 1/2; 1,020 at 4 1/2, and a lot of 1,225 pound at \$20 20 per head. Good cows sell at \$25 to \$35; 50 mountain sheep \$2, and hogs at 7 to 24 cents. A lot of new corn sold for \$2 per barrel.

E. Best sold to Wm. Kavanaugh 17 head of cattle averaging 1,340 pounds, at 4c. Leonard Leach bought of W. A. Anderson, 14 head, averaging \$58 pounds, at 4c. Jno. Duncan, of Madison, bought of G. F. Jno. Proctor, 50 cents; Mr. H. C. Dickerson, 50 cents; A. M. Carter, 50 cents; Mrs. H. L. H. Ste. Patus, 25 cents; Mrs. D. Pettus, 50 cents; Mrs. Locke Saunders, 25 cents; Mrs. W. F. Kennedy, 50 cents; Mrs. W. T. Saunders, 50 cents; E. T. Stephenson, 50 cents; W. T. Saunders, 50 cents; R. H. Brownag, 50 cents; Jordan Perkins, 50 cents; Mrs. W. T. Stephenson, 45 cents; Mrs. Wm. Garnett, 50 cents; Abraham Smith, 50 cents; Mrs. Abe Smith, 50 cents; Henry Miller, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Fish, 50 cents; Wm. McClure, 50 cents; James Hutchings, 50 cents; Mrs. S. A. Higgins, 50 cents; John Ballard, 25 cents; W. S. Myers, 25 cents; Ansel Dillon, 25 cents; Jacob Guest, 25 cents; Wm. Buchanan, 50 cents; King, 50 cents; Mrs. Robert Stuart, 50 cents; W. P. Merritt, 50 cents; Hiram Roberts, 50 cents; Harry Dunn, 50 cents; Hugh Sargent, 45 cents; Robt. Pittman, 25 cents; Francis M. Sieger, 25 cents.

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LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

Pigeons.

Some of the hunters of this place have commenced hunting quails. Be careful boys, the time is not out yet.

Mr. Tom Woods, of Boyle, bought several fat cows in this neighborhood last week, for which he paid 23 and 24 cents per cwt.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Mr. Liney, of Perryville, preached at Bright's School-house last Sunday. He will preach there regularly every 3rd Sunday evening.

CROP OF APPLE JACK SHORT.

Mr. John Gooch closed his distillery on Monday last, on account of the scarcity of fruit. Judging from the reputation his brandy has, he can't be beat on apple jack.

Some of our sporting men attended the races at Louisville last week, but they don't have much to say since their return. From their appearance one would judge that they bought the wrong pool.

PERSONAL.

Miss Bettie Dennis, one of Stanford's little beauties, spent several days with Miss Eliza Engleman last week. Misses Bettie and Annie Harris, have been visiting M. G. P. Bright. Mr. B. F. Barnes, of Garrard, a wide awake horse trader, has been in this neighborhood buying plug hogs.

A SONNAMBULE.

One of our neighbors was aroused a few nights ago by hearing some one rumbling around in the house. He at first thought someone had broken in to steal something, but upon examination found that it was a gentleman in the adjoining room walking in his sleep. He was preparing for a journey, had his pants, one shoe and sock under one arm, and a pillow and bed-quilt under the other.

TIN PAN MUSIC.

A party of boys concluded to give the newly married couple of this place some tin pan music Thursday night of last week. So they went to the house of the bride's father, and let loose with tin pans, bells, horns, &c. After playing several pieces they were told that the bride and groom had gone to a neighbor's house, and the boys determined not to be outdone, struck out in search of them, went to the neighbor's house, tuned up their instruments and commenced to play a quickstep. Just about the time they had finished the first round, the boss of the house came out with a round barrel navy in his hand and they didn't wait to play another verse. Some of their instruments have never been found since.

HUSTONVILLE.

Have a nice stock of Dress Goods. Call and see them.

BARAINS.

In boots, shoes, hats and dry goods of all kinds. W. H. Smith & Co.

NOVELTIES.

You will find all the novelties in Ladies' and Gents' neck wear at W. H. Smith & Co's.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

And seeds of all kinds furnished on short notice at prices satisfactory to all by W. H. Smith & Co.

ACQUITTED.

At the examining trial last week, Mr. L. Sharpe, who recently shot David Garrison, was acquitted. Garrison is reported as likely to recover.

DEATH.

Died, at Mr. W. S. Wigham's, near this place, on Friday last, of Consumption, Miss Addie McGinnis, of Boyle county, aged about 18 years.

NOT OWENS.

Makes his best bow to his old customers, and invites the favors of new ones at the old Twidwell stand, where he is prepared to exhibit a full stock of goods at bottom prices.

EVERY THING AT OWENS'.

Dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, clothing, farming implements, seeds, &c., always on hand at Owens'. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods on liberal terms.

SHOOTING FOR A CORPSE.

Coroner Goode is anxious to obtain at least one good mortem before the sitting of the Court of Claims. Since the arrival of the Indianapolis Medicines he has recalled his offer of a liberal discount for a first-class suicide. He thinks his prospects are encouraging.

THE MEDICINE PEDDLERS.

The Indianapolis Medicines have arrived, and saddlebags have an upward tendency. H. L. Carpenter, Levi Wilcher, Wm. I. Williams, and P. C. Butt are ready to fight any disease that flesh is heir to, with promptitude and 49 cases of medicine. Burial cases accompany prescriptions. Funerals attended gratis.

THE SCHOOLS.

Are pretty well attended; and many a "Village Hamlet" is seeking "to climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." But as it has always been, wrongheadedness is characteristic of the average schoolboy. It is sad to reflect in how many cases the inborn love of mischief interferes with the chances to become in time, President of this great and growing Republic. But "spare the rod and spoil the child," is a Scripture maxim; and the faithful teacher is resolved to spare them all the rod they need, even if it should spoil every child in the classes.

PERSONAL.

We had quite an influx of strangers on Sunday, among whom were prominent Revs. Dr. Edwards, of Danville, and S. S. McRoberts, of Stanford, R. Blain and family, Dr. S. G. Hocker, Ben Hawkins, and many others whom we have not met here in many days. Miss Mattie Patton, who has been making a pro

WHY SHE REFUSED HIM.

"ARE we any where near the place, driver?" inquired a handsome young fellow, thrusting his curly head out of a stage window, as it rumbled along over an uneven country road.

"Yes, sir, there it is, sir, that white house yonder is the place."

"A fine old roomy mansion it is, I dare say; it looks as if it might be haunted."

"Well, sir, they do say there's a ghost about it, and that old Mrs. Farnsworth acts very queerly; but Miss Jessie, she's all right—as sharp as chain lightning, sir, and the handsomest girl in the country around; they be almost strangers in these parts, but our folks all love Miss Jessie—she do."

"I think I'll try my luck here, then," and dropping a gratuity in the hand of the garrulous driver, the young man disappeared among the trees.

Henry Ferrers was an artist of considerable merit, who had been spending a part of his summer vacation in rambling over the hills and dales, industriously engaged in filling his portfolio with rough sketches as material for the winter's work.

Attracted by the picturesque surroundings of B—, he determined to rusticate for a time, and therefore had inquired of the stage driver where he might find a desirable boarding place, and—as we have seen—having been directed to Mrs. Farnsworth's was soon knocking at the door of the stately white house that loomed up among the lofty oaks with so imposing an effect.

But when the knock was quickly answered, and a young girl stood in the framing of the door, Henry Ferrers started.

"Why? Because, being an artist, he recognized beauty in any shape; here it was, in live flesh and blood—a delicious bit of a picture. He observed that her face was as sweet as the Madonna's, a lovely blonde, with eyes as blue as an Italian sky; he could not decide at a glance which pleased him most, the clear cut profile, or the full, oval face, gazing at him from out the lustrous eyes."

He, however, recovered sufficiently from the embarrassment occasioned by this unexpected vision of loveliness and grace, to speak of every day matters, and after producing proper references, it was soon arranged that he should make a temporary home at the Widow Farnsworth's.

The widow's means were limited—it was necessary to supplement their scanty income by receiving a boarder, therefore Henry Ferrers' advent was very acceptable, and ere long, he became domesticated with them. As acquaintance with Jessie Farnsworth ripened into intimacy, she won his regard daily, by her womanly virtues and graces; he was surprised to find her living so retired and quiet, and was curious to know why she so rarely left home.

Jessie understood with a woman's intuition the looks and tones of the handsome artist, for as the summer months glided by, and he became more familiar with the sweet disposition of the charming girl, he was ready to exclaim:

"I love thee for thy beauty, but not for that alone."

It was one of the brightest of June mornings—the quaint old house, with the hills for a background, nestled among green trees, and brightened by beds of gay flowers, made it a fine picture of rural loveliness; the air, too, was fragrant with the scent of the blossoms, and musical with the songs of birds—a charming scene truly—quite in unison with the feelings of the two young people who were looking out from the broad piazza, upon which they were standing.

"This is a sylvan scene, Miss Farnsworth, but I must show you one quite unlike it—a view of wild and gloomy grandeur. He then left her for a moment, soon returning, however, with a sketch of a towering, frowning cliff; above it were piled masses of black clouds, while the plain below was green and fertile."

"Observe," he said, "how calm and peaceful the valley seems, and yet ruin tells me that it was once the scene of a fearful tragedy—it happened a couple of years ago, and is still quite fresh in the minds of the villagers. A gentleman, Mr. Morley by name, was pushed over this dreadful precipice by his daughter's young husband; some sudden quarrel, what, I did not hear."

She took the picture, and bent over it with searching eyes, and he noticed that her fingers trembled.

"I don't mind the gossamers," she remarked, carelessly.

"I would like to group some figures in my weird picture," he said; "will you sit, Miss Farnsworth?"

"No."

"I think I could sketch you, without a sitting, may I?"

"If you do, you leave this house," she replied, in a trident tone.

He looked at her in astonishment; she was deadly pale, and extremely agitated; mistaking the cause, he exclaimed, impetuously:

"Jessie, let me tell you how much I love you, dearest; you have the

sweetest and best of my heart. Oh! I hope it is not in vain. Can you love me enough to be my wife?" and he noticed a tear roll slowly down her cheek.

"That I can never be," she said, in a low, measured tone.

"You love me, Jessie, I feel it; why then reject my suit?"

A wave of scarlet rolled over her face and neck, and she replied:

"We must part."

"Part, Jessie? Oh, it is too bitter thus to let the romance die out of my heart! will you not then give me a gleam of hope to carry away with me?"

"No," she said, firmly, without looking at him; "harsh as it may seem, I repeat, we must part at once."

"Without an explanation, or a word of hope? yet I cannot believe that you are a coquette, Jessie."

His sad eyes lingered upon her face with such penetrating earnestness that she dropped her eyes; it seemed to him a farewell to hope, and snatching her cold, trembling hand, he kissed it fervently; in another moment she was alone.

She stood immovable until the echoes of his footsteps died away, then she bowed her head and wept bitterly over the grave of love.

Did he pine away and die? Not a bit of it; he packed his trunks and went to Paris, and there began a busy life, he sketched and painted, until one day he suddenly became famous.

He was lionized, fêted and flattered, but was not quite spoiled by it; the sweet face of Jessie Farnsworth haunted him; he would return soon with his newly acquired honors, and once more plead his cause, and oh! happy thought, perhaps be successful this time.

There was to be a brilliant reception given by the American minister.

"Would he go?" his friends inquired, for there was to be present a beautiful widow to whom he must be introduced who would just suit his taste.

No he would not go; he was lured by beauties, and detested widows. What a mood to be in, to be sure; nevertheless, he changed it, and went. Although the belles of the season, and the fashionables were present in full force, and at their best.

Henry Ferrers was the lion of the evening; every one wished to make the acquaintance of the young artist.

The crowd at last became a jann, so he was forced to stand quite still, and while impatiently waiting for a passage through it, he heard a voice near him, saying:

"Yes, that is Mrs. Morley. She is decidedly the handsomest and wealthiest woman in the town."

More? surely he had heard the name before; oh, now, he recollected—'twas that of the man who threw his father-in-law over the cliff—could this woman be his wife?

He turned and saw Jessie Farnsworth.

All the old love surged in his heart at sight of her, although two long years had passed since that memorable parting day.

While gazing, all his soul in his face, she also turned; their eyes met, and she smiled.

A crowd is no obstacle to a man in love. Some body's corns suffered, and the laws of politeness were altogether ignored by Ferrers as he made his way toward her.

'Twas that smile that did all the mischief.

Just as he was about to greet her, he was stopped by a friend, who said, gaily:

"Whither away so fast, Ferrers? I have been looking for you for the last half hour. Ah, Mrs. Morley! happy to see you," he said, extending his hand to Jessie Farnsworth. "Allow me to introduce my friend—Mrs. Morley, Mr. Ferrers."

Mr. Ferrers was completely mystified, for the Widow Morley and Jessie seemed one and the same person; he was so astonished that he could not utter a word.

She alone was self-possessed.

"Will you assist me out of this crowd, Mr. Ferrers?" Then, as they moved on, she whispered:

"I owe you an explanation."

As soon as they could converse without being overheard, she said:

"Don'tless you remember showing me a picture of a singularly wild cliff that you sketched during your ramblings, and remember too, my agitation upon seeing it?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have it still."

"Then do please destroy it, for the place is hateful to me, for there my kind, indulgent father was cruelly murdered."

"You astonish me! pray who was the murderer?"

"Ernest Morley, my husband," she replied, with a tremulous voice.

"Your husband?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; he was tried for the crime, but was acquitted—believing him guilty, I left him, rather than embitter my life by seeing daily my father's murderer, preferring to live alone, and suffer without companionship and sympathy. Besides, his temper was so ungovernable at times that I feared for my own life. Neither would I accept of his support; I changed my name, and as Jessie Farnsworth, was introduced to you."

"And that is why—"

She interrupted him by laying her hand lightly upon his arm, saying, in a low tone:

"Mr. Ferrers, there was a pure corner in my heart, where reason and honor held steady council."

"My noble Jessie! But, tell me; what became of—your husband?"

"He died one year ago, sending for me at the last, and confessing his guilt."

"What motive had he for the commission of such a crime?"

"It was not premeditated. My father angered him by some reference to his careless expenditures. Hot words ensued, then blows, and in a moment of insane passion, Ernest pushed him over the dreadful precipice."

"Dear Jessie—for this is the name I love best to call you—how is it that I find you here?"

She gave a timid look at him, and blushed deeply, as she replied:

"I was too low-spirited and restless to remain in the place where I had spent so many happy hours, and as Ernest Morley left me independent, I resolved to find in travel some solace from vexing thoughts."

"I too, left home for the same reason, but I was now about to leave Paris and return. Dear Jessie, may I say again what I said long ago? If I remain here near you, it will only intensify the love I have carried in my heart ever since the day that I saw you standing in the door of the old white house. Decide for me, dear Jessie. Shall I go or stay?"

Jessie Farnsworth smiled, and whispered her reply in a voice that he thought was the sweetest music he had ever heard, and yet it was only the short, expressive word:

"Stay."

He replied:

"Always, darling."

A Strange Romance in Boston.

A romantic case is just now interesting the residents of a certain street not a thousand miles from the "gilded dome." A gay and strong-minded widow married a rich widower a few years ago, and in process of time a girl baby appeared in the family. The story was, that through a carelessly left-open door a foundling had been left on the lady's bed, with a letter properly made out in which this newborn infant had been presented to the lady as her own, to hold and to keep as her individual property. This story was, of course, accepted by the friends of the family, though most noticed a remarkable resemblance between the child and the lady and her husband. After a time disagreements came to the married pair; a divorce was agreed upon, but the custody of the child is now the bone of contention, both claiming it. The lady claims it was given to her personally; says that in Court she will produce the veritable mother who gave the child to her and desires her to keep it. The gentleman, on the other hand, says he can produce the most reliable evidence that the child was born in his house, and that his wife is the real mother; that she deceived even him for a time; that her motive was to fix things so that, if she should get tired of living with him, the law could not take away the child from her. He says he has abundant proof that many strong-minded women make these plans to evade the law, and notices several suspicious instances among the set with whom his wife associates. The lady, meanwhile, remains cool, and one of her friends, a man of good judgment, says he has personally interviewed the woman who claims to be the mother, and is perfectly satisfied that this woman did leave a child of her's in the manner described on the lady's bed, and whatever the truth may be, she believes herself the mother of the child in dispute. But, again, he has also good reason to think that the lady did herself give birth to an infant about that time; and, if there were two, where is the other? he asks. And so the plot deepens, and no one can but repeat the true sayings: "Truth is stranger than fiction," and "The ways of women are past finding out."

BOSTON CULCHAI.—She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousin. While walking over several butterflies passed her.

"Oh, dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite."

"They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin, "they are butterflies."

"Oh, you don't say so. Then these are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything."

[Whitehall Times.]

There are reported to be 25,000 flouring mills in the United States, paying to the employees annually in wages about \$20,000,000. The product of these mills is 50,000,000 barrels of flour annually, 4,000,000 barrels of which are exported. Pennsylvania has nearly 3,000 mills; New York nearly 2,000; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia have over 1,900 each.

Extra Liability to Malarial Infection.—Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak and liver sluggish, are extra-liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure under such conditions, takes a system which, if healthy, would resist the malarial taint. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in localities where it is prevalent, is to tone and regulate the system by improving weak digestion, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to bilious secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable safeguard against fever and ague and kindred disorders, as well as the best remedy for the liver. The Bitters are, moreover, an excellent invigorant of the organs of nutrition, and so active in their cleansing action, that they would impart vigor to the most languid system.

TOO much, the old darkey said. "If any ob you know ob any church what died ob liberty, jes' tell me whar it is, an' I will take a pilgrimage to it, an' be de soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon de topest shingle, and write, 'Blessed am de dead who die de Lord.'"

How to Propose.

Young men contemplating marriage have so frequently called upon us to advise them in the manner of popping the all-important question that at last we have concluded to give our opinion in a brief airing, once for all.

You will find it a comparatively easy matter to secure a wife if you will exercise care as to the time and place, with some little regard as to the manner. Never propose to a young lady after a hearty meal. The blood is needed to aid her digestion, and her imagination is chilled.

Nor should it come just before a meal, for the longings of an importunate system conduce to anxiety and irritability, and the shock may prove hazardous. It would be better to select the evening, and generally after you have taken her to some entertainment. Her nerves are then apt to be stronger, and her mind may have already dwelt on the possibilities until she is perfectly prepared for the reality.

But never forget yourself so far as to propose on returning from a theater. She will have the style and air of some actor before her mental vision and you can't compare with the romance she throws over him. The best way is to invite her to some entertainment which you know she wants to attend, and then propose to her just as she is ready to start. This will be greatly to your advantage, for she will easily see that a rejection will upset an evening's amusement, and will largely influence her decision.

In the spring of the year you must remember that her system is undergoing a change, and there must be a change of scenery to excite her torpid imagination. Never risk a proposal in the house at this season. Take her for a drive over the worst possible road available. When at a distance from home convenient for the purpose, tell her frankly that she must consent or she will have to walk back. Nine times out of ten she will prefer to ride.

The summer possesses claims over other seasons, if natural advantages are judiciously applied. Strolls in the woods are efficacious, or losing one's way in a blackberry patch will bring a reasonable woman to terms. Never go fishing with a view to proposing. You can't avoid smelling a bait, a perfume inconsistent with love-making.—[Lady's Journal.]

Romance of a poor Young Man.

A poor young clerk read a beautiful and affecting story of how another young man, similarly situated, was once applied to for alms by a miserable old beggar, and when he had given up his disguise and revealed the youth's rich uncle, he immediately fell on his neck and wept, and afterward left him countless gold.

The poor young man was much touched by this legend, so he quietly left the paper where the senior partner who was his rich old uncle, could see it, and then laid it wait for a beggar. The very next day one came into the store, and as soon as he started on his sad story the young man burst into tears, handed the man all the money he possessed, an oriole watch, and even pressed upon him another clerk's new ulster that was lying on the counter.

When the beggar was gone, the benevolent young man turned to have his uncle, who was watching the whole proceeding, fall upon his neck. Instead of this, however, the capitalist fell upon his ear, so to speak, with great vigor. He kicked the philanthropist out, with the harsh remark that he didn't want any such dashed fool around his establishment. And now the disappointed victim of romance is carrying a clothing store sign around, sparring for his grub, and wondering what good it does these story writers to put up jobs on mankind.

AN IRISH ADVOCATE.—He would go on speaking after the learned judge had cautioned him to desist, till at last his infuriated lordship cried, "Sir, 'tis no use your speaking; what you say to me goes in at one ear and out at the other." The advocate would not be silenced. "My Lord," said he, "it's no wonder when there's nothing between 'em to stop it."

A gentleman who had been second-cutter in a tailor shop, being of a literary turn, was appointed musical critic on a city paper, and his first effort read: "The new and beautiful prima donna charms us beyond measure. Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of shop pantaloons." He was sent back to the shears!

A brass covering for a police officer's club, colored to resemble wood, is the invention of a Connecticut man. If a fighter seizes the club he gets only the cover.

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MARKETS.

STANFORD.

The retail prices for provisions, &c., are as follows:

Bacon, shoulders..... 7c
Lard..... 12 1/2
Butter..... 15 1/2
Eggs..... 10 1/2
Flour..... 10 1/2
Wheat, white..... 85 1/2
Wheat, red..... 82 1/2
Corn, white..... 35 1/2
Corn, yellow..... 32 1/2
Oats..... 25 1/2
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Barley..... 28 1/2
Malt..... 30 1/2
Hops..... 15 1/2
Clover..... 12 1/2
Timothy..... 10 1/2
Soybeans..... 18 1/2
Peas..... 15 1/2
Lentils..... 12 1/2
Milk..... 10 1/2
Cream..... 12 1/2
Butter..... 15 1/2
Eggs..... 10 1/2
Flour..... 10 1/2
Wheat, white..... 85 1/2
Wheat, red..... 82 1/2
Corn, white..... 35 1/2
Corn, yellow..... 32 1/2
Oats..... 25 1/2
Rye..... 30 1/2
Barley..... 28 1/2
Malt..... 30 1/2
Hops..... 15 1/2
Clover..... 12 1/2
Timothy..... 10 1/2
Soybeans..... 18 1/2
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Corn, white..... 35 1/